with their varying views on defensive warfare. The spiritual experience of one character is modelled after that of Stephen Grellet. In one slight particular the Quaker language has been overdone—"May Heaven bless *thee both*, my children" (p. 269).

The latest novel by Joseph Hocking is *God and Mammon* (London: Ward, Lock & Co., 7¾ by 5¼, pp. 314, 6s.). The title aptly describes the contending claims of goodness and greatness. A young Cornish Quaker, George Tremain, fired with the absorbing desire to make his mark, quits his quiet Quaker home for the world of finance in London. In time he becomes a money-king, but it is at the expense of real happiness, and the outward denial of that which once he taught, and still secretly believes in. But, of course, it all comes right in the end.

A great financier to whom George was introduced soliloquised thus (pp. 120-123):

"It's a dog's life. I work harder than a galley slave. Why do I not give it up? I have more than enough for all my needs; I have reached the summit of my ambitions. But I can't give up . . . I am tired of the whole thing and yet it chains me fast. I have become a money-making machine, and the machine must not stop. . . . And now where am I? I have my house in Berkeley Square, and my country places, but I'm loveless and childless—and this is success."

NORMAN PENNEY.

John H. Dillingham and the Sealed Envelopes.

. . . . While still a member of New England Yearly Meeting, not unlikely while at Harvard, in 1864, John H. Dillingham [1839-1910] had gone to attend a Quarterly Meeting. Some sealed envelopes containing widely advertised literature of an unprofitable, possibly of a deleterious character, were in his pocket. As he retired to his room for the night before the meeting, probably at the home of Benjamin Howland, he found a fire blazing on the open hearth. He sat down beside it with the intention of examining the forbidden literature. As he took the envelopes in his hand a powerful sense of God's restraining grace possessed him. Without parleying long, he put the envelopes unopened upon the burning embers and had a sure sense of peace in seeing them reduced to ashes. In the meeting next morning Eli Jones was engaged in speaking most directly to his condition—drew a plain picture of the doubts that had assailed him, and then in an impressive manner pointed out the door of hope, and the service that awaited the tried soul who would give up and enter this door. In conclusion, and in a manner that brought back the glowing fire and the smoking paper to John Dillingham's mind, he said, "If thou wilt do these things all thy *burnt sacrifices* will be accepted."

John H. Dillingham, by J. Henry Bartlett, 1911, p. 121.